Radiant

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6158333.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Drunkenness, Drunk Hannibal, Hannibal being a Drama Queen, Will loves his husband regardless, Fluff and Humor, Silly Hannibal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Happy Tidings
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-04 Words: 1,291 Chapters: 1/1

Radiant

by Hannigrammatic

Summary

Hannibal loves his kitchen. And Will, of course<3

Notes

Because fluff and giggles are sorely needed ♥

Dedicated to one of my favorite people ^_^

Not beta read~

Will is in the middle of pouring a cold glass of lemonade when he happens to look up. It's mostly for something to do, an idle motion, peeking down to make sure he doesn't overfill or spill any of the sweet beverage. But in seconds, what is happening with his hands, much less his body, becomes so far from important to him in that moment that he's certain he's become a balloon filled with helium, escaping from a tether and floating up into the sky.

His husband is out in the backyard, wearing nothing other than a tight pair of black briefs, and dangling in one hand is an empty bottle of-

"Shit!" Will jumps back to avoid the lemonade that sloshes off of the counter, his glass filled to the brim and flooding over.

Will sighs and sets the pitcher of juice aside, and then casts about for a rag. Again, he looks up, and the rag is suddenly forgotten. He dashes out of the house in bare feet, eyes wide, flinching at the cold hardness of the paved walkway in the backyard.

"Hannibal, what the fuck are you doing?" he shouts as he approaches his husband, whose hands are raised to the sky as if beckoning God to smite him.

"Standing here," Hannibal says, and his tone is so perfectly confused that Will blinks as he comes to a stop next to the man.

"In your underwear," Will observes.

"I beg your pardon?"

Hannibal's brows raise and his nose does a little twitch that Will definitely doesn't think is cute, at all, *nope*. The other's hair is still cropped shorter than he'd used to wear it, and it's sticking up in all directions as if he'd vigorously rubbed it against the most static-filled object he could find. Will is reminded quite suddenly of their dog Benji, the fluffy-furred Cairn Terrier -if Hannibal had canine ears, they would be twitching right now.

The comparison makes Will want to giggle, honestly.

"Come inside, Hannibal," Will says quietly.

He sidles closer and helps lower the man's arms, and then eases the empty bottle of whisky from his husband's hand. It's the good stuff, the bottle Will bought for himself for those particular occasions when he wanted to just stop thinking so much for a little while. More often now he doesn't need it, had the bottle shoved far in the back of a shelf down in the cellar with Hannibal's copious racks of wine.

"The wind is gentle," Hannibal informs him instead of moving to join Will, even when the shorter man wraps a hand around one of his wrists to urge him out of the backyard.

"So you stripped and decided to show off for it?" Will can't help the smile on his face.

“I stripped because I realized that my clothes were uncomfortable,” Hannibal’s tone deepens, and his accent renders most of his words unintelligible, but Will is so used to his husband’s voice that it doesn’t make much of a difference to him.

“Fair enough,” Will chuckles. “Why did you drink my whisky, anyway?”

“I paid for it, it’s mine,” Hannibal turns to face him, sounding cross.

Will raises one brow, a smirk curling his lips. Hannibal, for all intents and purpose, looks angry, and then -Will giggles. His husband’s bottom lip is trembling, and his pale brows are drawn low in a full-blown pout. Hannibal Lecter is pouting, and Will takes a step back to truly appreciate the adorable sight.

“You’re cute,” he says. “But let’s go inside. Now.”

Will reclaims his grip on his husband’s wrist and leads him inside, thankful that the man follows despite his current state. When they walk into the kitchen together, Will lets go and sets the empty bottle of whisky on the counter. Behind him, there’s a loud gasp, and Will jumps.

“What’s wrong?” he asks as he turns around.

“*What happened to my counter?*” Hannibal exclaims. “Why is there such a *mess*? What have you done?”

Both of Hannibal’s hands are in his hair, and his jaw is slack after his exclamations. And then, with a distraught gasp, the man is gone. He moves so fast that Will is impressed that his coordination isn’t compromised, not even stumbling once. The younger man sighs at the empty kitchen and then slowly follows behind his husband.

*

It’s not hard to find Hannibal, because the man is mumbling angrily as he sits in a corner, having drawn the chair away from his desk to face the wall, still wearing nothing but his undergarments. His arms are crossed over his hairy chest, and his nose is in the air.

“Hannibal,” Will approaches slowly. “I’ll clean the mess up, I promise. It will be fine.”

“You have *no* respect for my kitchen,” his husband says.

Oh my fucking god, Will thinks, and he physically slaps his palm into the middle of his forehead as he says, “I forgot how much of a drama queen you are when you’re drunk.”

“How dare you,” Hannibal turns in the chair and glares at him.

It’s amazing how a man like Hannibal can look so insulted and cute at the same time. Will tries to imagine the man now compared to the past, when they sat in his office in Baltimore and had conversations, when they tore each other apart in every conceivable manner, and when they killed the Dragon together. There’s just no way to reconcile the two instances of

his husband right now. Will walks slowly towards the chair when the man turns away once more to grumble.

“Hannibal,” he murmurs as he wraps his arms around his husband’s neck. “I love your kitchen.”

“Do you?” the man sniffs.

“I promise I do, and I’ll clean up the mess right now,” a well-aimed nuzzle and a chaste kiss has Hannibal’s tensed shoulders relaxing, but then the man turns swiftly and stares deep into Will’s eyes.

“No,” he whispers.

And then he drags Will bodily over the chair until the slightly smaller man is sprawled in his lap, and his arms are veritably clamped around a slim waist, stubbled face buried into a neck. Will gains his bearings and settles more comfortably, and straddles the older man.

“Hey, now, you just got mad at me for disrespecting your kitchen,” Will jests.

“I know. I’m sorry, my love,” the man’s words are muffled. “Please forgive me.”

Fucking hell. Will rolls his eyes but wraps his arms around his husband tightly.

“I forgive you, Hannibal,” he reassures the man before he can start quivering and tearing up.

It never ceases to surprise him how over-the-top emotional the man becomes when he drinks too much. Will remembers the first time he encountered the man drunk, the both of them recovering after the fall into the balls-freezing-off-cold Atlantic. The alcohol helped with the pain, but Hannibal became so full of every emotion imaginable that Will had eventually fashioned ear plugs out of gauze -they hadn’t worked effectively, though. He can’t really remember now, other than a vague recollection of monologues and professions of undying love and apologies and so much sniffling that it sounded like Hannibal had a particularly nasty cold.

“Oh, Will. I love you,” Hannibal says presently. “But tomorrow I am going to fuck you against that counter. After it is cleaned.”

Will bursts out in laughter and settles more of his weight over Hannibal’s lap. He lays his head on his husband’s shoulder and lightly tangles one hand in the dense hair on the man’s chest. It doesn’t matter, now, why Hannibal got drunk in the first place today. Will is just happy that they are both alive and safe together.

Even if Hannibal is a drama queen sometimes.

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